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writer confounds the *Salon des Indépendants* with the *Salon des Refusés*, two entirely different things.

The "Salon of the Refused" was never organized. Those who were "refused" by the Jury of the Salon of 1863, in which they had eagerly hoped to see their works exhibited in the hope of getting medals or prizes of some kind, raised such a rumpus in the press in the name of "Liberty in Art," that Napoleon III, whose throne was violently attacked and who did not want any more enemies, ordered the Minister of Fine Arts to give these rioters a place in which to exhibit their works, and in the same building in which the Official Salon was held. Hence there was no organizing effort made. The whole thing was a spontaneous result of an un-organized "kick" on the part of a lot of radicals and some disappointed artists. Among the artists who since have become celebrated and who were refused by the Jury of the Salon of 1863 were the following:

Cazin, Fantin-Latour, Harpignies, Jean-Paul Laurens, Legros, Manet, Pissarro, Vollon, Whistler.

But there was no second "Salon des Refusés."

Something like twenty years later, about 1883, the first so-called "Salon des Indépendants" was, in reality, deliberately organized in Paris as a fakir show—and has remained such.

The second false idea spread broadcast by these writers is that some great artists were revealed by the holding of the exhibitions of the "Salon des Indépendants" in Paris. This is not true. Not a single man has emerged from those annual pits of stupidity and degeneracy, from the day of their organization to the present time.

I defy these ignorant hack-writers to point to a single great man who has exhibited in any one of the exhibitions of the Independent Salons of Paris and which have right along, from the first, been looked upon by Parisians as a huge farce. I do not consider any one of the notorious degenerates who might be brought forward as great in any sense except that of mental and moral corruption.

Moreover, to say that the Paris Salon of the Independents "has become the most popular and the most prosperous in the land"—is so at variance with the facts that it is laughable.

Respectfully yours,

Hamilton Morse

BOSTON PAINTERS AT THE ARTS

April saw a gathering in New York of works by half a hundred living artists of Boston—oil paintings and a sprinkling of pastels and water-colors. In New York the Boston artists appear comparatively little at the Academy shows, partly because they do not admire the great mass of the work by New York artists, partly because they suspect a prejudice against them on the part of juries composed of New York artists and think that their work will be rejected without regard to its merits. How much this represents truth, and if true at all, how much must be credited to prejudice and how much to natural inability to find anything to admire greatly in the works of Bostonians can not be decided here. The fact is that aside from the Boston trio of Tarbell, Benson and de Camp who appear at the Montross Gallery under the Sign of the Ten the public of New York has

small opportunity to view the products of the painting gild at the Hub. It was therefore an excellent idea of the National Arts Club on Gramercy Park, Manhattan, to invite two or three score painters of New England to a special show.

"The Silver Waist" by Joseph de Camp is a pretty bit of the painting of stuffs; the title is better chosen than another that is even more obvious, such as "What Fortune in My Teacup?" which is warranted by the eager look of the bonnie lass; but in all likelihood that was regarded as too old-fashioned and anecdotal for modern people who have been drilled to repudiate the very suspicion of a "story" in a picture and turn with trepidation from the *genre*. "The Fur Jacket" is another capital bit of brushwork without further interest. The sober woodland Muse of John J. Enneking was remembered in three canvases. Frank W. Benson showed a "Coot Shooter" in dory with lively sea and angry sky, and a "Fox Hunter." Louis Kronberg presents the back view of a "Ballet Girl in Yellow" profile to left, hands behind holding a red fan, and ugly shoulder-blades as prominent features. Ernest L. Major in "The Closed Door" with girl to left seated on a chest suggests a story—how could he?—and in "The Question" more than suggests an obvious situation with a pretty girl, red rose at girdle, and a youth with a banjo in the back. His "Blonde in Blue" got a silver medal at the Panama-Pacific. "Laeda" by Wm. W. Churchill had a nude nymph of graceful form touching with one foot the surface of a lake as she stands before a woodland background. Charles S. Hopkinson sent a novel scheme of three little girls climbing a trellis for grapes that suggests Copley. William M. Paxton had a very smoothly and deftly painted interior of the modern country house in "Breakfast," with a spick-and-span young husband, his face almost hidden by his newspaper, the still more comely young wife staring none too contentedly on the floor, as she sits half turned from the table, and a demure maid going out of the room to the right—a capital illustration for young married life, painted with a brilliant *factura*. Mrs. Adelaide Chase Cole showed a portrait sketch with an alert, alive look in the sitter and a "Study of a Young Girl." Arthur P. Spear exhibited "A Fantasy," subaqueous, with mermaids examining a sea-monster. Charles H. Woodbury had a marine, "North West Wind" executed in thick *impasto* expressing well the force of wind and wave; and Miss Margaret F. Richardson three good portraits. Charles S. Hopkinson sent his gold-medal winner at the Pennsylvania Academy in 1915, the portrait of a young woman in jacket and soft hat, salmon neck wrap, against a snowy background and pale sea, painted with a broad brush. Other guests were Hermann Dudley Murphy, Miss Gertrude Fiske, Bradish Titcomb, Miss Rosamond L. Smith—"Cinderella," no kitchen drudge, but a handsome young lady—Miss Lilian Westcott Hale—"Fortune Tellers" with teacup—Philip L. Hale—"La Princesse Lointaine" and others. Amongst other noteworthy canvases were those by Miss Marie L. Page—"Tenement Mother"—William J. Kaula, Miss Leslie P. Thompson—suggestive of Tarbell with "Girl Writing a Letter," Richard L. Meryman with a portrait carrying the silver-medal of the Panama-Pacific Exposition and Ettore Caser with

an excellent effect in "Landscape with Movement of Wind." Altogether a well-groomed intelligent exhibit of a high general competency in picture-craft.

APHRODITÉ OF THE ALTOVITI

The article on the antique Greek marble of Aphrodité which appeared in THE ART WORLD last November has created not a little stir in Florence among those who consider ancient art. That this exquisite work should have been present for so many centuries in the lily city without the public being aware of its existence; that even its owners should have ignored its beauty and worth are facts hard to understand; but that it should have stood in modern times in the courtyard of the Palazzo Altoviti where it was visible to any one who entered the *porte-cochère* and yet failed to catch the attention of the lovers of old art who swarm in Florence, is still more singular. The *Florence Herald* which is published in English has an appreciative notice in its issue of February 24. "This superb piece of statuary has received a worthy shrine at Pocantico Hills, the owner's residence; and now that the romantic story of her Odyssey from a Florentine palace has been duly completed with a scholarly and closely reasoned examination of the historical and art-critical knowledge at present available in regard to the statue's origin and attribution we may congratulate ourselves with the author of the suggestive paper published in THE ART WORLD (November) that that expression of man's Supreme intuition of Beauty has been seen and is appreciated at last at its due worth. Mr. de Kay sets up his plea with a wealth of erudition and of insight amounting almost to divination, that appear conclusively to establish the claim of the Altoviti Venus to represent the art of Praxiteles, the statue from which the Athenian sculptor (Kleomenes) about 250 B. C. drew the inspiration which has given us the Medici Venus." . . . "The Altoviti Venus underwent the Odyssey of all new discoveries—suspicion, neglect—and it stands to Mr. de Kay's credit that by obtaining the statue for a loan exhibition of works of art an opportunity should have been given to open men's eyes to Beauty that stood before them; in Poliziano's words:

*Giurar potrei che dell' onde uscisse
La Dea premendo . . .
. . . il dolce pomo ricoprissi
E stampata dal piè sacro e divino
D'erba e di fior la rena si vestisse.*

Credit should also be given to the late Frederick Linton, who had the *flair* to recognize the worth of this unrivaled statue when it was shown to him in London, and to Sir Algernon F. Firth, Baronet, and Mr. William Henry Aykroyd who saw it in New York and carried it off from under the noses of the American amateurs and museum directors, after the latter's attention had been called to it by a most earnest appeal in the *New York Times*, the only paper that recognized and acclaimed it as it deserved.

DREAMS OF THE GRAND CANYON

Elliott Daingerfield, N. A., has never been a painter who was satisfied to tread the broad path of realism and please a good-natured

public by depicting things and the surface of nature. Always he has had aspirations to the higher levels of religious feeling and romance. The little exhibition held in April at the Reinhardt Galleries, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York, shows one section only of his work, which might be termed "Dreams of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River"; for most of the pictures register the profound impression made upon him by the scenery of that extraordinary land. Even when the important feature is a figure, the background reproduces the strange forms and colors of the Rio Colorado seen through memory and the imagination. "A Vision of the Dawn" is a graceful undraped figure of a woman; but the actual dawn is breaking in crests of color over a background to which the recollection of this marvelous country is the key. The "Call of the Hills," "Tower of Silence," "Opalescent Morning," "Sunset, Grand Canyon," "Genius of the Canyon" tell the story of the haunting effect of such scenery upon those who are sensitive to color and the grandest forms in nature.

Elliott Daingerfield is a Virginian by birth but identified with New York since his student days. The hills of North Carolina during visits to the South often helped him to understand mountain and cloud forms, but it remained for the sojourn in the Colorado region to introduce him to something quite apart from other landscape. Three painters have had more or less influence on his work, namely, George Inness, John La Farge and Albert Ryder; indeed from the last named he has now and then taken a subject such as "The Prophet Jonah Cast into the Sea." His method of painting and his color scheme, however, are more like those of La Farge. Mr. Daingerfield became Associate in 1902 and Academician (New York) in 1906. His powers as a mural painter of religious themes are shown in the Lady Chapel of the church of Saint Mary the Virgin, New York.

The recent exhibit was composed in the main of paintings lent by owners. One of the most imposing: "The Genius of the Canyon" came from Chicago and was lent by Mrs. Chauncey J. Blair, while "City That Never Was," lent by Mr. George S. Palmer of New London, suggests a fanciful restoration of Constantinople before the Crusaders and Turks and other barbarians from east and west played havoc with the City of Justinian. Mr. Louis Ettlinger of New York lent a vivid, attractive canvas "Opalescent Morning" and Mr. Burton Mansfield of New Haven a striking "Sunset" full of the enthusiasm of the devotee of beauty as shown by the great valley of the Colorado.

OVERHEARD IN A GALLERY

An easel St. Sebastian and a plaster Laocoon were talking together in a deserted gallery. The Sebastian was particularly *dégagé*, and the Laocoon was having no end of a time with his snakes. Said the Saint:

"Now whatever do you mean by those outrageous faces? You make everybody tired. Tank-drama is really your stunt. You don't—you can't—think that you're Art?"

"Well," came back the Laocoon, writhing a rib out of whack. "This is the limit! Here you are, enter-